

HARMONIA SACRA. VOL. I. 1714.



Harmonia Sacra:
OR,
DIVINE HYMNS
AND
DIALOGUES:

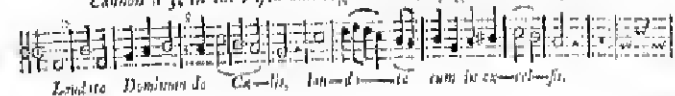
WITH
A THROUGH-BASS for the Theorbo-Lute,
Bass-Viol, Harpsichord, or Organ.

Composed by the Best Masters of the last and Present Age.

The WORDS by several Learned and Pious Persons.

The FIRST BOOK. The 3d. Edition very much Enlarg'd and Corrected; also Four
Excellent Anthems of the late Mr. *J. Parnell*'s never before Printed.

Cantion a 3. In the Fifth and Eighth below, rising a Note every time.



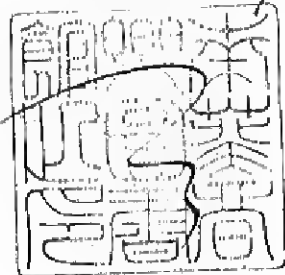
Where Musick and Devotion joyn,
The way to Canaan pleasant is;
We travel on with Songs Divine,
Ravish'd with Sacred Ecstasies.

No longer do we pass,
Thro' a dry Baren Wilderness;
But thro' a land where Milk and Honey flow,
The Paths to Heav'n above, leads thro' a Heav'n
(below.)

L O N D O N :

Printed by *William Pearson*, for *S. H.* and Sold by *John Young*, Musical
Instrument-seller, at the Dolphin and Crown in *St. Paul's Church-yard*. MDCCXIV.
Where may be had Mr. *Henry Purcell*'s *Organs* *Voluntaries*, Complete.

Alexander Choeke
3^d November 1715



To the QUEEN's
MOST
Excellent Majesty:

MADAM,

THE Best of Authors have been always Presents for the Best of Princes, and it would have been a great breach of Duty in me, to lay these Excellent Performances any where but at Your Majesty's Sacred Feet. Your Majesty has a double Right to their Patronage, from Your Love to Musick, and affection to Devotion, and as You are an Encourager of Both, so both apply themselves with all Humility for Your Protection.

Your Majesty was pleas'd to give Mr Purcell Your Royal Approbation when Living, and it is Humbly hop'd the Memory of him will not be displeasing to You now He is Dead; and though the Publisher has no Merit in himself to Recommend Him to Your Majesty's Presence, Your Majesty will Graciously receive what begs Your Acceptance, for the sake of those Ingenious Gentlemen that Oblig'd the World with these Compositions.

The Encouragement of Arts and Sciences is one of the Prerogatives of Royalty, and the most Glorious Reigns have always had the Reputation of being the most Learned. What may we not then expect under Your Majesty's Auspicious Government? This makes me presume to hope, that the Piety of the Words, and Artfulness of the Musick, will not appear undeserving of Your Majesty's Favour. Which if they may be so Happy as to obtain I shall think it my Glory to continue my great cost and Pains in contributing to the Publick satisfaction, and ever make it my endeavour to approve my self,

Your Majesty's most Dutiful,

Most Devoted, and most

Faithful Subject

HENRY PLAYFORD.

TO THE
R E A D E R.

THE Youthful and Gay have already been entertain'd with variety of Rare Compositions, where the lighter Sportings of Wit have been Tun'd by the most Artful Hands, and made at once to gratify a Delicate Ear, and a wanton Curiosity.

I now therefore address to others, who are no less *Musical*, though they are more *Devout*. There are many Pious Persons, who are not only just Admirers, but excellent Judges too, both of *Musick* and *Poetry*; to these a singular Regard is due, and their exquisite Relish of the former ought not to be pall'd by an unagreeable Composition of the later. Divine *Hymns* are therefore the most proper Entertainment for them, which, as they make the sweetest, and indeed the only, Melowdy to a *Religious Ear*, so are they in themselves the very Glory and Perfection of *Musick*.

For 'tis the meanest and most Mechanical Office of this *Noble Science* to play upon the Har, and strike the Fancy with a superficial Delight; but when Holy and Spiritual Things are its Subject, it proves of a more subtle and refined Nature, whilst darting it self through the Organs of Sense, it warms and actuates all the Powers of the Soul, and fills the Mind with the brightest and most ravishing Contemplation. *Musick* and *Poetry* have in all Ages been accounted Divine, and therefore they cannot be more naturally employed, than when they are conversant about *Heaven*, that Region of *Harmony*, from whence they are derived.

Now as to this present Collection, I need say no more than that the *Words* were pent'd by such Persons, as are, and have been very Eminent both for Learning and Piety; and indeed, he that reads them as he ought, will soon find his Affections warm'd, as with a Coal from the Altar, and feel the Breathings of Divine Love from every Line. Here therefore the *Musical* and *Devout* cannot want Matter both to exercise their Skill, and heighten their Devotion; to which excellent Purposes that these two Books may be truly effectual is the hearty desire of

Your humble Servant,

Henry Playford

A Table of the Divine HYMNS and DIALOGUES
contain'd in this Book.

A	I
W ake, awake and with attention bear, Page 13	I n the black, dismal Dungeon of De- spair, Page 7
And art thou griev'd, sweet and sacred Dove! 25	I know that my Redeemer Lives, 39
C	L
Come honest Saxon, take thy Spade, 5	Let the Night perish, 10
Close thine Eyes, and sleep secure, thy Soul is safe, 41	Lord, I have sord 37
E	N
Enough my Muse of Earthly things, and Aspirations but of Winds, 31	Now, that the Sun hath veil'd his Light, 1
G	O
Great God and Just! 60	O that mine Eyes wou'd melt into a flour, 64
H	O
How art thou fall'n, from Heav'n O Lucifer! 27	O the sad Day, 66
How long great God, how long must I, 33	O God for ever Bless, 69
Hark, how the wakeful cheerful Cock, a Dialogue, 44	P
Help, Father Abraham, help a Di- alogue, 49	Peaceful is he and most secure, 55
How have I stray'd, my God, 57	T
Happy the man, to whom the sacred Muse, 73	The Earth trembled, 3
	Thou wakeful Shepherd, 6
	Thus Mortals must submit to Fate, 36
	W
	With sick and famish'd Eyes, 22
	We sing to him whose Wisdom form'd the Ear, 63
	Wilt thou forgive that Sin, 67

The four following Anthems by Mr. H. Purcell.

B less'd is he that considereth the Poor, Psal. 41, v. 31	Page 91
I was glad when they said unto me, Psal. 122 the 7 1st verses,	98
O give thanks unto the Lord, Psal. 106 the 4 1st verses,	106
M y Song shall be always of the Loving Kindness of the Lord, Psal. 89.	121

ADVERTISEMENT.

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most of the Poems in this full and second Edition of *Harmonia Sacra*. Price bound two Shillings
Printed for *Thos. Playford*, where is also to be had the most Excellent Tragedy of *King Saul*, Written
by a Deceased Person of Honour. Price One Shilling Sixpence.

[1]

Harmonia Sacra, &c.

The First BOOK.

AN EVENING HYMN.

On a Crowd.

Words by Dr. William Fuller, late Lord-Bishop of Lincoln. Mr. Henry Purcell.

Ow, now that the Sun hath
veil'd his Light, and bid the World good night; to the soft Bed, to the soft, the
soft Bed my Body I dispose, but where, where shall my Soul repose? Dear, dear
God, even in thy Arms, ev'n in thy Arms, and can there be a-ny so sweet, so sweet so-cu-ri-ty!

Then to thy Rest, O my Soul! Then to thy rest, O my Soul!

and fin- -g, praise the Mercy that prolongs thy Days, and

fin- -g, praise the Mercy that prolongs thy Days.

Hallelujah, Hallelujah -jah Hal -jah-jah, Hal-

. -le-hu-jah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah -jah, Hal-

. -le-hu-jah, Hal- -le-hu-jah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

. -le-hu-jah, Hal- -le-hu-jah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

. -le-hu-jah, Hal- -le-hu-jah.

. -le-hu-jah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

On our Saviour's Passion.

Mr Henry Purcell.



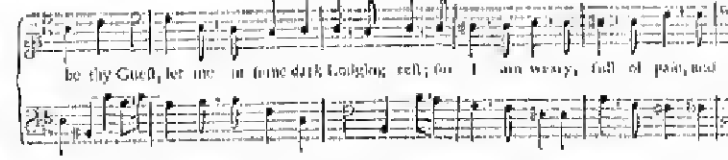
He Earth trembled, and Heaven's cloud Eyes, was loth to

see the Lord of Glo-ry dye; The Sky was clad in Mourning, and the Spheres

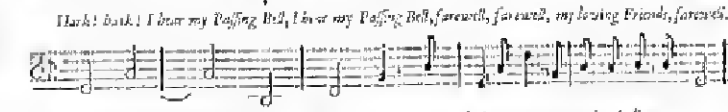
for-got their Har-mo-ny, the Clouds drop'd Tears: Th'ambitious Dead



The PASSING-BELL. Set by Mr. Matthew Lock.



CHORUS.



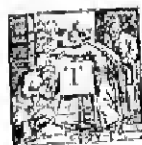
Make my cold Bed (good Sexton) deep,
That my poor Bones nicely sleep,
Until that tid and joyful day,
When from above a Voice shall say,
Wake all ye Dead, rise up your Eyes,
The Great Creator bids you rise!

Then do I hope, among the Just,
To shake off this polluted Dust,
And with new Robes of Glory dress,
To have Accels among the Blest.

Chorus. Hark! hark! &c.

A MORNING HYMN.

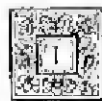
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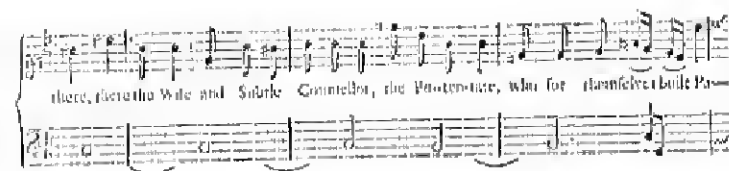
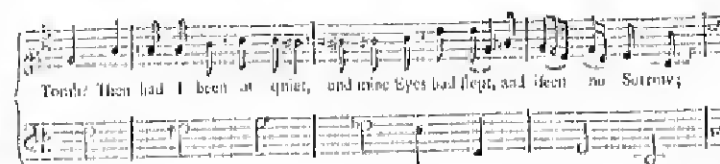
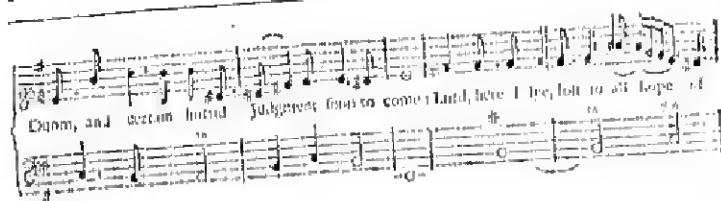
Thou wakeful Shepherd, that dost keep, rais'd by thy
 Goodness from the Bed of Sleep, to thee I offer up this Hymn, my first Morning Sacrifice,
 may it be gracious, may it be gracious in thine Eyes, or raise me from the Bed of
 Sin: And do I live to see a-no-ther day, I vow, my God, I vow henceforth to walk thy
 ways, and sing thy Praise, all those few days thou shalt allow.
 Could I re-deem the Time I have mispent, in so full Merriment, could I un-

—mend these Parts I led, I would to ex-plate each past Offence, that ev'n from thence, the
 Innocent should with themselves bly me, when with such Crimes they seek Repentance
 see, with Jo- - - - -y Re- - - - -ng, with Jo- - - - -y I'll sing a-way my
 Breath, yet who can dye, yet who can dye, so to receive his Death?

Words by Dr. William Fuller, late Lord Bishop of Lincoln. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

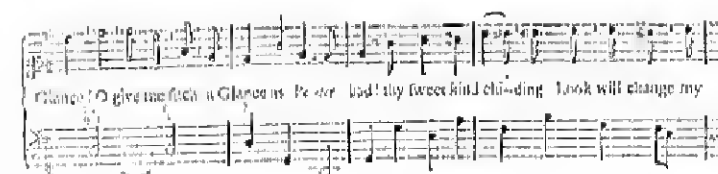


N the black dismal Dungeon of Despair, you'd with tormenting Care;
 wrack'd with my Fears, drown'd in my Tears, with dreadful ex-pe-ctation of my



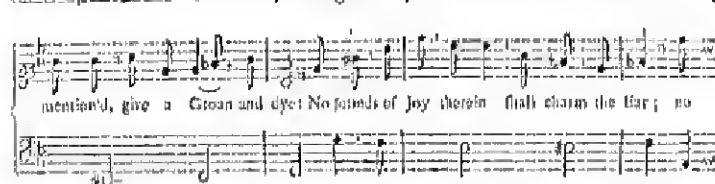
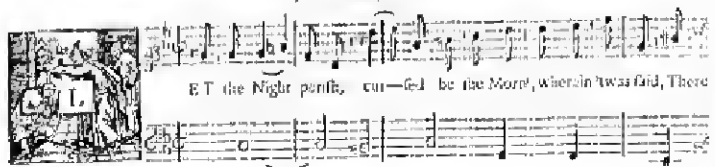


CHORUS.



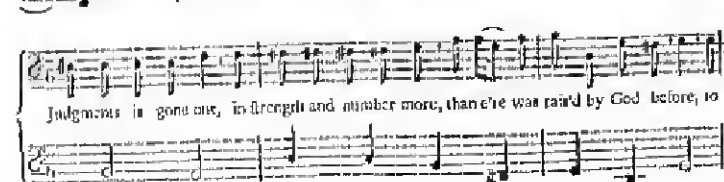
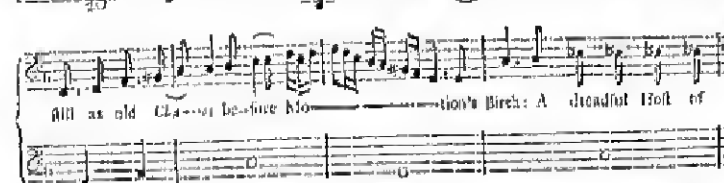
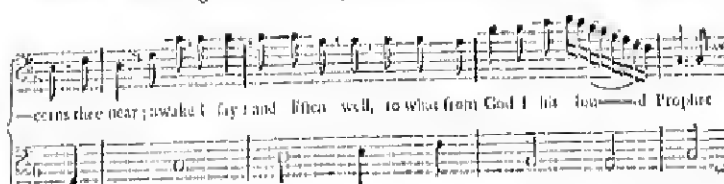
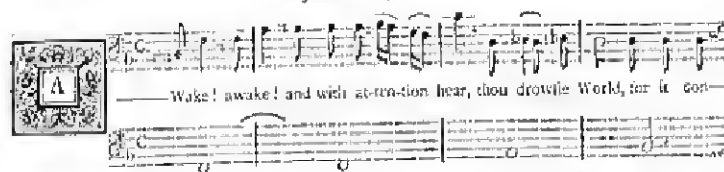
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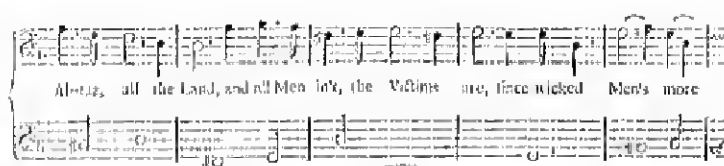
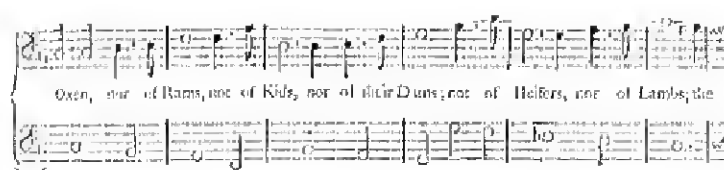
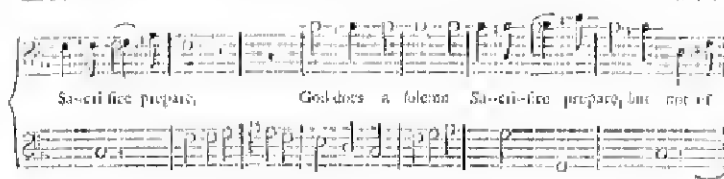
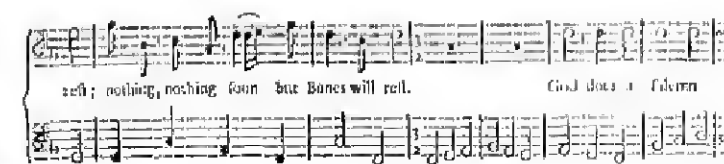
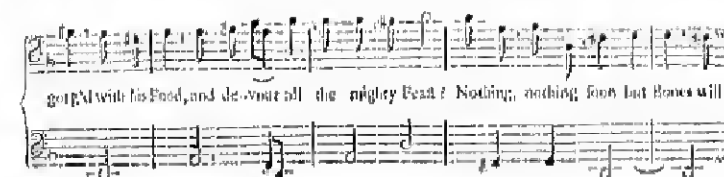
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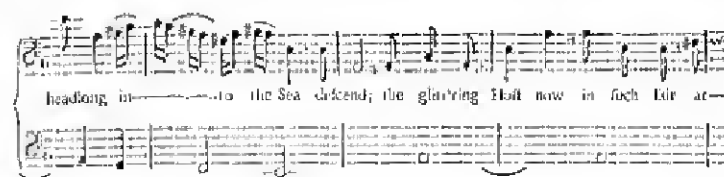
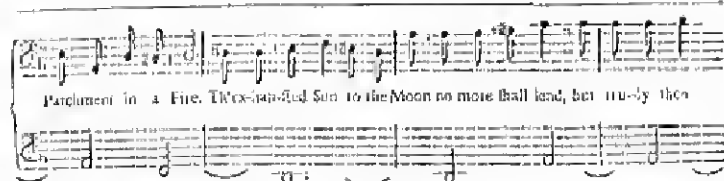
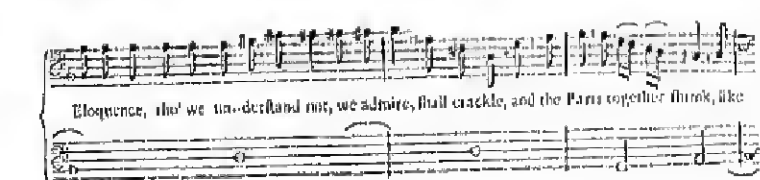


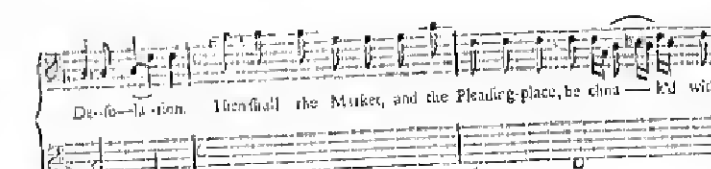
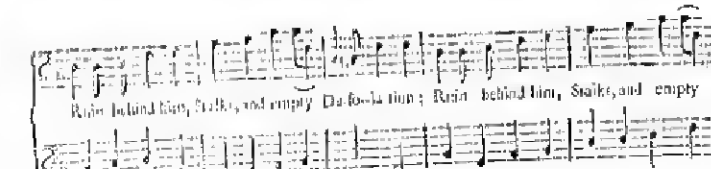
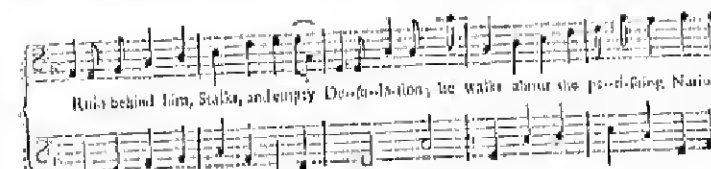
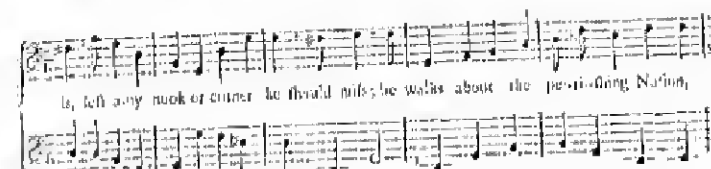
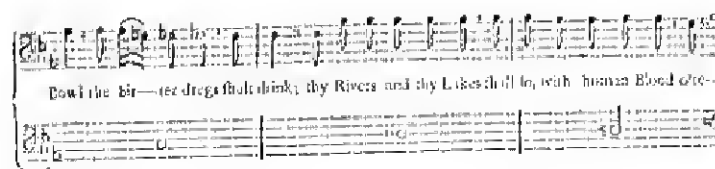
The 34th. Chapter of Isaiah Paraphras'd by Mr. Cowley.

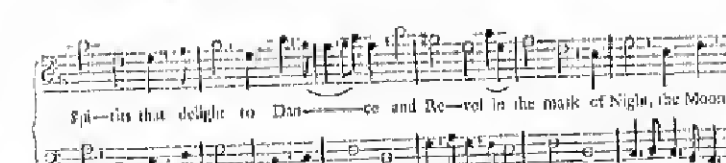
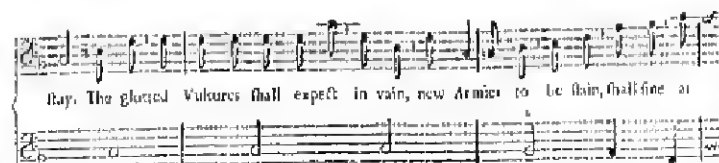
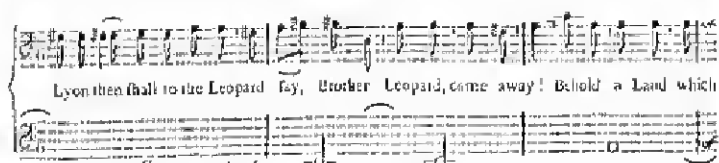
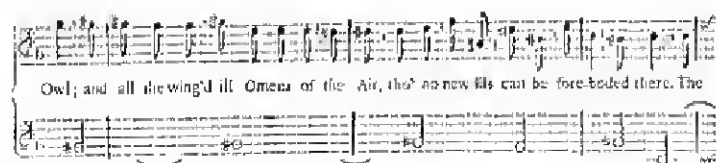
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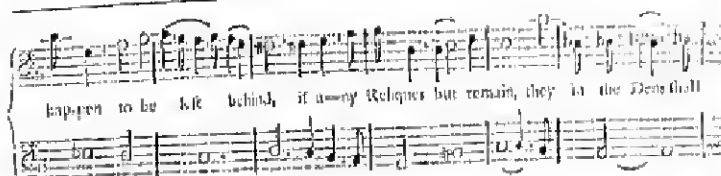




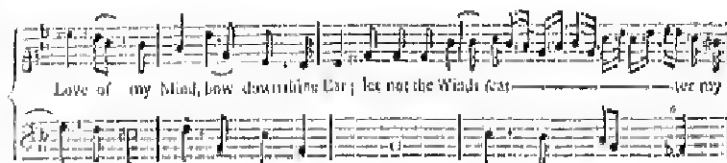
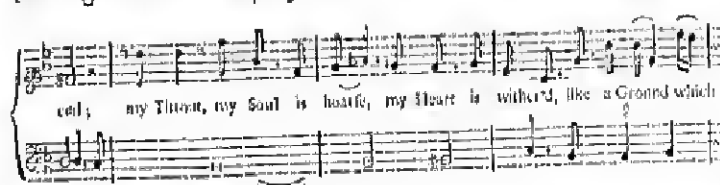
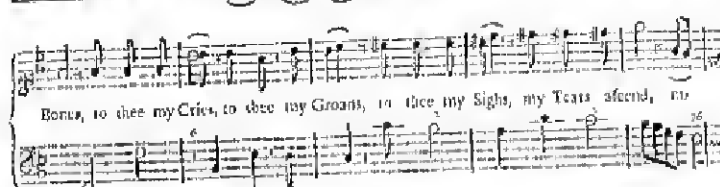
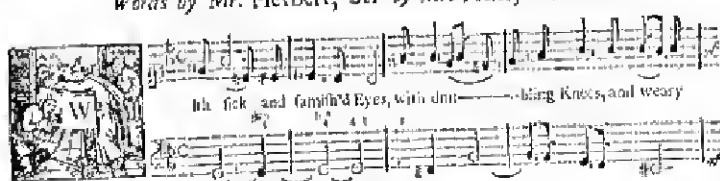


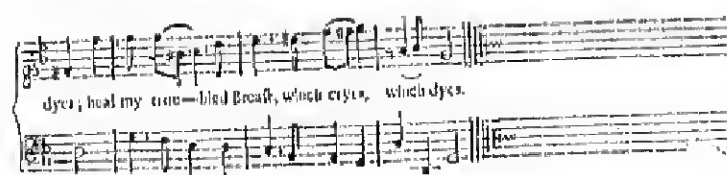
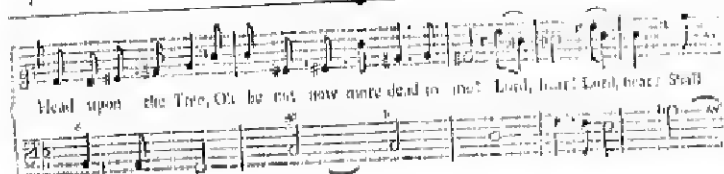






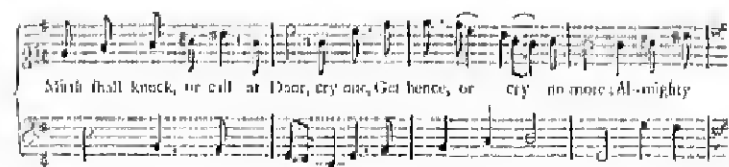
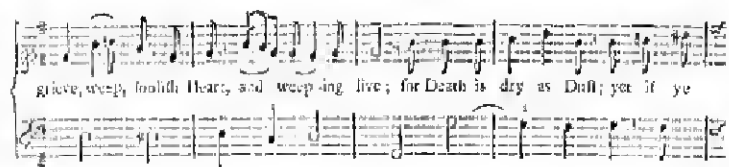
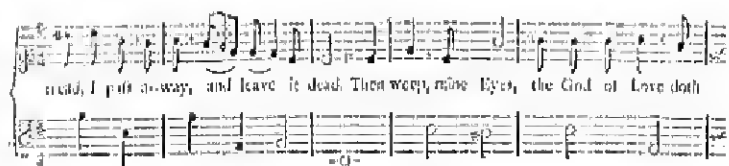
Words by Mr. Herbert, Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.





Words by Mr. George Herbert, in his Church-Poems.

Set by Dr. John Blow.



God does grieve, he puts on Sorrow I sin not to my Grief alone, but to my Gods

nor he doth grieve, Oh! Oh! take thy Lute, and tune it to a strain, which

may with thee all day complain; there can no Discord be in cea-sing be; Murders can

weep, and five-ly Strings more Bowels have, than such hard things. Lord, I adjudge my

self to Tears and Grief, even such Tears without Relief; if a clear Spring for me no

time forbears, but runs, although I be not dry; I am no Cry-stal, what shall I

Yet if I wail not till, since still to wail, Nature denies, and Flesh would fill,

If my Defects were Matters of mine Eyes Lord, pardon, for thy Sin makes

good my want of Tongue, my want of Tears, with force of Blood.

Lucifer's Fall. Set by Dr. John Blow.

OW art thou fall'n from Heav'n,

OW art thou fall'n from Heav'n, O Lu-ci-fer!

art thou fall'n from Heav'n, O Lu-ci-fer! How art thou fall'n from Heav'n,

art thou fall'n from Heav'n, O Lu-ci-fer! How art thou fall'n from Heav'n

O ———— In ———— a ———— fer!

O ———— In ———— a ———— fer! Sun of the Morning, Sun of the

How art thou cut down to the Ground! How art thou cut

down! How art thou cut down to the Ground,

down to the Ground, to the Ground! Thou that didst weaken the Nations, that didst

not thou cut down, cut down to the Ground! Thou that didst weaken the Nations,

weaken the Nations, how art thou cut down, art thou cut

Thou that didst weaken the Nations, how art thou cut down, art thou cut

down! I will ascend in to the Heav'n, I will as—

down! In thou shalt in thy Heart, In thou shalt in thy Heart,

—end into the Heav'n. I will exalt my Throne above the Stars of

I will ascend, as—end, into the Heav'n. I will ex—

God, I will exalt my Throne above the Stars of God; I will sit as—so upon the Mount

—at my Throne as—bove, above the Stars of God; I will sit as—so upon the Mount

of the Con—gre—ga—tion, in the Sides of the North.

of the Con—gre—ga—tion, in the Sides of the North. I will ascend above the height of the



I will as-cend above the height of the Clouds,
Clouds, yet thou shalt be brought down in—to Hell; I will as-cend above the



of the Clouds, yet thou shalt be brought down in—to Hell, be brought
height of the Clouds, yet thou shalt be brought down in—to Hell;

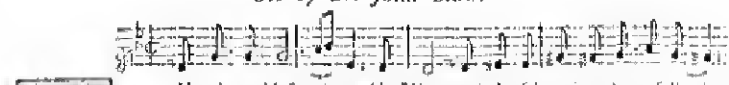


down in—to Hell; thou shalt be brought down in—to
yet thou shalt be brought down, thou shalt be brought down in—to Hell, be



Hell, be brought down in—to Hell.
brought down, be brought down in—to Hell.

Set by Dr. John Blow.




Nought, my Muse, of earthly Things, and In-spi-rations but of Winds,
Nought, my Muse, of earthly Things, and In-spi-rations but of Winds,



take up, take up thy Lute, and to it bind loud and e-ver-la-ving Strings,
take up, take up thy Lute, and to it bind loud and e-ver-la-ving Strings,



and on them play, and to them sing, the happy mournful Sto-ries, the la-
and on them play, and to them sing, the happy mournful Stories,



men-ta-ble Glories, of the gra-e cru-ci-ty'd King.
the la-men-ta-ble Glories, of the gra-e cru-ci-ty'd King.



Mountainous heaps of Wonders which doth rise, till Earth thou pryest wi—th the

Mountainous heaps of Wonders which doth rise, till Earth thou pryest wi—th the



Skies, too large at bottom, and at top too high, to be half seen by Mortal

Skies, too large at bottom, and at top too high, to be half seen by Mortal



Eye, How shall I grasp this boundless thing? What, shall I say? What, what shall I sing?

Eye.



Pie sing the mighty Riddle of mysterious Love, which neither wretched Men below, nor blessed

Pie sing the mighty Riddle of mysterious Love, which neither wretched Men below, nor blessed



Spirits above, with all their Comments can explain, how all the whole World

Spirits above, with all their Comments can explain, how all the whole World



Life to dy—e, did not disdain,

Life to dy—e, did not disdain,

The Aspiration. The Words by Mr. Norris, of Wadham College Oxon.

Set by Mr. Henry Farrant.



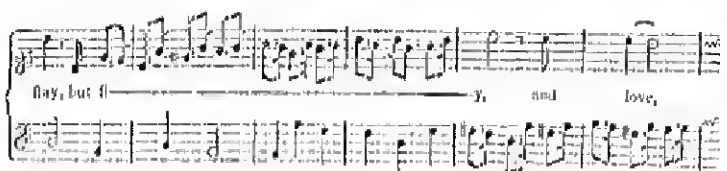
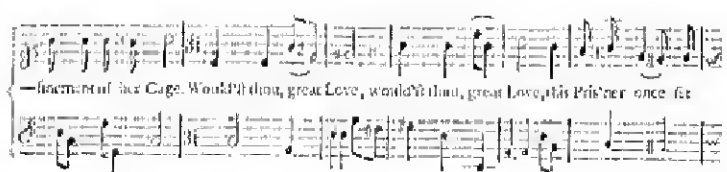
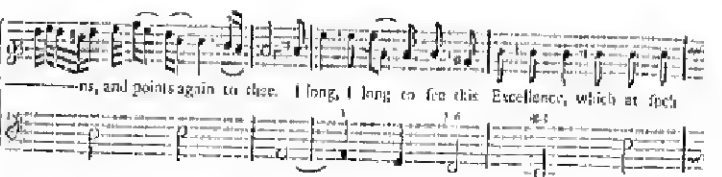
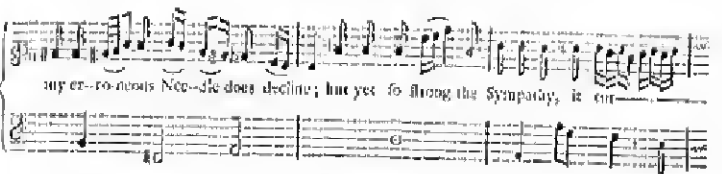
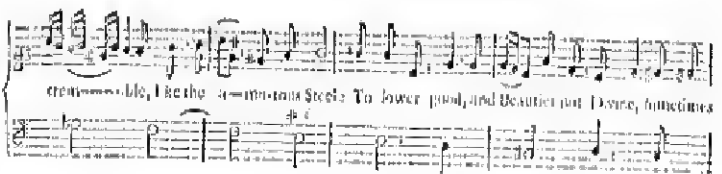
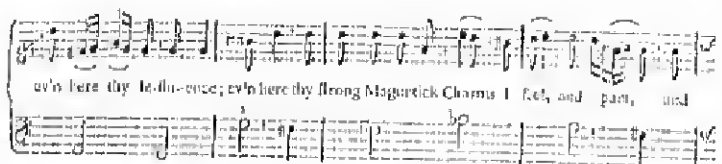
Ow long, how long, great God, how long must I, im—



—m'd in this dark Pri—son lie? Where at the Gates, and A—ve-nues of Sense, my Soul must



watch in love in-tel-li-gence; where but Great Glories of thee be—fore my Sight,



Set by Dr. William Turner.

I The Mortal must submit to Fate, come more ear-ly, come more

late; Life to the World is only lent, and is re-pay'd by Time and Ac-ci-dent,

and is re-pay'd by Time and Ac-ci-dent: Why then should wretched Souls repine,

for be-ing soonest made Divine; and go where they shall be re-care of Joys, and

no more think of Chance endure? There Joys are perfect, and no Care, nothing is

left to with or fear, there Joys are perfect, and no Care, nothing is left to with or fear,

CHORUS.

Thus hap-py, how hap-py the Soul that has took his last flight, from Delu-sion to
How hap-py the Soul, &c.

Light, from de-spair to a-bove, from Envy and Hatred, to Prai-se and to Love, from Envy and

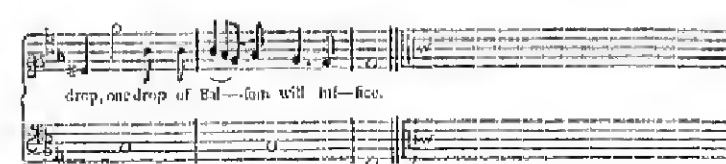
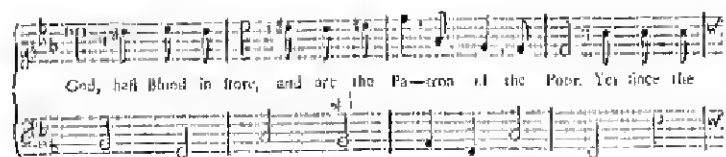
Hatred, from Envy and Hatred to Prai-se and to Love.

Words by Dr. Jeremiah Taylor. Set by Mr. Pelham Humphreys.

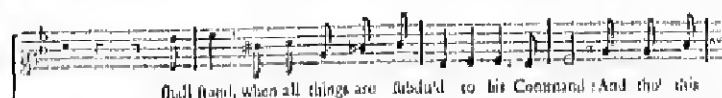
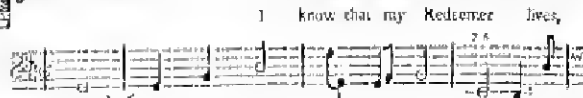
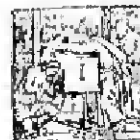
L O! I have sinned, I have sinned, and the black Number swells

to such a dis-mal Sum, that should my sin-ny Heart, and Eyes, and this whole

sin-ful Train a Flood become, and run to Tears, their



Words by Sir Thomas Derham. Set by Mr. Matthew Lock.



Body draw—ing Wound devout, in their dark Empire: yet in that time hour, when

Trumpet shall rouse the Gens Rending Night, these, these weary Eyes shall see his glorious

CHORUS.

Light. Then fear not Death's shady Grotto, fear not Death's shady Grotto, 'tis the
Then fear not Death's shady Grotto, fear not Death's shady Grotto, 'tis the way, the

way to that fair dawn of Life's e—ter—nal day; 'tis the way, the way, to that fair dawn of
way, to that fair dawn of Life's e—ter—nal day; 'tis the way to that fair dawn of

Life's e—ter—nal day; 'tis the way to that fair dawn of Life's e—ter—nal
Life's e—ter—nal day; 'tis the way to that fair dawn of Life's e—ter—nal

day; 'tis the way to that fair dawn of Life's e—ter—nal day.
day; 'tis the way to that fair dawn of Life's e—ter—nal day.

Upon a Quiet Conscience, by King Charles the I. of Blessed Memory.

Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

Close thine Eyes, and sleep, sleep secure, thy Soul is safe, is
Close thine Eyes, and sleep,

safe, thy Bo—dy sure; close thine Eyes, and sleep se—cure, and sleep se—
sleep secure, thy Soul is safe, is safe, close thine Eyes, and sleep, and sleep se—

—rest, thy Soul is safe, thy Body safe, he that guards thee, he thee keeps, who ne—ver slum—
—rest, thy Soul is safe, thy Body safe: he that guards thee, he thee keeps, he that

—rest, ne—ver sleeps: he that guards thee, he thee keeps, who ne—ver slum—
guards thee, he thee keeps, who ne—ver slum—rest, ne—ver sleeps, who ne—ver slum—

—rest, never sleeps: A quiet Confidence in a quiet breath, has on—ly Peace, has on—ly
—rest, never sleeps: A quiet Confidence in a quiet breath, has on—

Rest, has on—ly, on—ly Peace, has on—ly Rest: The Ma—
—ly Peace, has on—ly Rest, has on—ly Rest: The Ma—

—rest, and the Mouth of Kings, are out of Tune, ne—less the songs; Then
—rest, and the Mouth of Kings, are out of Tune, ne—less the songs; Then

Close these Eyes in peace, in peace, and rest to— cure, no Sleep to
Close these Eyes in peace, in peace, and rest to— cure, no

Sweet—est, no Sleep is here—t as thine, no Sleep is sweet, no Sleep to
Sleep is sweet—t as thine, no Sleep is sweet

Sweet as thine, no Rest is here,
—t as thine, no Rest is here.

A Dialogue between two Penitents.

First Penitent. *Sa by Mr. Pelham Humphreys, and Dr. John Wain.*


Ark! how the wakeful cheerful Cock, the Valagers A—bro—lo—ger and

Second Penitent.

Cock, clapping his Wings, proclaims the Day, and clocks thy Sleep and Night away! I hear, and

thank my kind Remembrancer, he wakes a Sin, that slept within, rouses a Crime that le—

Third Penitent.

—fore would not live: Flow, Flow my Tears: O when will you be—gin! Sinner

Pen's Bird reproves Saint Pen's Sin! Complaining Man! Hast thou thy Christ deny'd?

Second Penitent.

Woe me! Woe me! I have, more than Saint Pen did, with less excuse, and many

ways beside, ev'n since my Christ was Crucify'd; and this, a—las! too oft, more, more than

thrice, as of-ten as I choke and would a Vice, or Breach Lull, to be abhor'd, re—

First Penitent.

je—ding Je—su, my dear Lord. O my sad Heart! If that be to de—spair,

none ought to weep more Floods than I; when to re—ceive in—to my Heart a

Sin, I thrust my Je—su on, and took it in; But, Lord, how oft he knock'd and

being deny'd, how doleful—ly he cry'd, Why, why dost thou use me thus, who for thee dy'd!

Anded Tenors.

Methinks I hear him call me from the Tree, O dangerous Wretch! Wretched Wounds

made for thee! Fale Re—ne—ga—do! These Wounds made for thee, who both do—

—my Wound, and bring Wound to me; for ev—ry Wound has, a w—ry Jo—sh is,

First Tenor.

and each malicious Thought a fearful Jew. If Sin do now, what the fierce Jew did

then, wound him afresh, and cru—el—ly a—gain; then say, a—let have his Tor—

—men—have been, and by each vile deliberate Deed, we make our Master again bleed, his

Anded Tenors.

Pain as various as our Sin, True, for my Doubts do bind his Hands, my

Pride does first dis—cuss him, then divide; I spit upon him by my Blasphemy, and

scorge him by my Cru—el—ty. My prophane Tears become the Thorns, that pierce his

First Tenor.

Heart with Scorns, and my Hy—po—c—ri—sy, Stay! Show what prodigious height do

our Sin mount! Every Un—kind—ness is a Dart, the Spear that wounds his ve—ry

Heart, Oh! could bear a—ny think, but this.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Since then the cause of both our Griefs the same, now we our Tears, for Grief let's dye, for
 Since then the cause of both our Griefs the same, now we our Tears, for Grief let's

but our Dirge let's sing, or cry: O mi-se-re-re, Je-su mi, mi-se-re-re, Je-su mi, Je-
 dye, but still our Dirge let's sing, or cry: O mi-se-re-re, Je-su mi, Je-su mi,

—su in-dul-gent-ly-for-me; O — mi-se-re-re, Je-su mi, Je-
 Je-su in-dul-gent-ly-for-me; O — mi-se-re-re, Je-su mi, Je-su re-lig-ious-

—su in-dul-gent-ly-for-me; O — mi-se-re-re, Je-su, Je-
 —su; O — mi-se-re-re, Je-su, Je-su mi.

A Dialogue between Dives and Abraham.

Dives. See by Dr. John Blow.

Help, help, Father Abraham! Help, for Mercy's sake! Re-

—hold my Torments, for Mercy's sake! Behold my Torments in — this

burning Lake! Send Le-vi-ans with Wild — winds, that he may thie-

Abraham,
 flakes of melt-ing Sul-phur ran a-way. What Sin —

Dives,
 Hell and Darkness dare make this blessed Sinner, scarce warmer on my Breast! 'Tis

I, 'tis I great Mammon's e-qualence, whose Lot is un-ly, on — ly Torment

Andan. *Dives.*

now, I know thee not. Father, his *Dives*, 'tis thy Son, 'tis I, who purpled

thine, and once de-fil-ious-ly; Linnen of Egypt then a-dye—and my

Andan.

Head, who now, now in Flame—thy thus re-ve-lo-ped. And canst thou now his

Chas-ity implore, whom thou saw'st lately at thy Sin-ty Door, be-ging for Commu-ni-ty, those Commu-

Dives.

thine fill build thy the charg'd Table, and was there deny'd? vain Soul! Some

Andan.

pi-ty take! Some pi-ty take! Remember, Son,

Dives.

thy Dogs had pi-ty on him, thou had'st none. Yet they were more reliev'd him, they were

more reliev'd him: Oh! in Jew, let him vouchsafe me but a little, little

Andan.

Dave, to end my Tongue. Not the salt drop of Grace, can o-ver enter, can over enter, that for-

-a-ken place; While, the bottom'd Gulph is fix'd for, that none can pass 'twixt

Dives.

us and you be-low. Then lead them to my Brethren, till they come

Andan.

to feel the weight of my E-ver-sal Doom, they've Mo-ry on me—

And. warm them. Oh! but they far fainter, far fainter, with a Dead Man's Voice obey. If

And. ring Thunder from on high can not be

heard, how, how should a Dead Man's Cry?

CHORUS.

'Twill be too late, 'twill be too late, too late, to knock, and call, and
'Twill be too late, 'twill be too late, too late, 'twill be too

late; 'twill be too late, 'twill be too late, to knock, and call, and pray, O
late, 'twill be too late, too late, to knock, and call, and pray, O

pen Lord, o—pen Lord, o—pen Lord, o—pen in that
pen Lord, o—pen Lord, o—pen in that dread

dread—ful Day; for when Death's fa—
ful, dread—ful Day;

Hand once shuts the Door, 'twill be too
for when Death's fa—cal Hand once shuts the Door,

late; for when Death's fa—cal Hand once shuts the
'twill be too late, 'twill be too late,
P



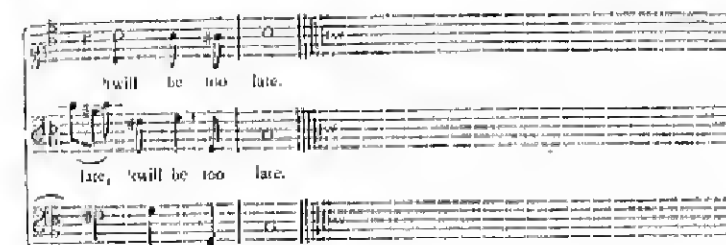
Down, 'twill be too late, 'twill be too late; the Gates of Mer-cy,

'twill be too late, 'twill be too late; the Gates of



the Gates of Mer-cy ne-ver, ne-ver, ne-ver re-open more, 'twill be too late,

Mer-cy ne-ver, ne-ver, ne-ver re-open more, 'twill be too



'twill be too late.

late, 'twill be too late.

Wrote by Mr. Tho. Flamm. Set by Dr. John Blow.



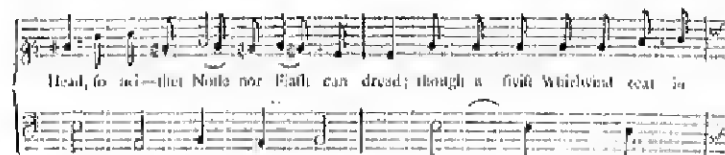
Careful in his, and most se-cre, whole Heart and Actions



all ne-vere, how freely and pleasant is his way, whil'st Life's Al-mo-der flies away!



If a fierce Thunder-bolt does fly, this Man can un-concern'd be Know his ne-vere'd ar his



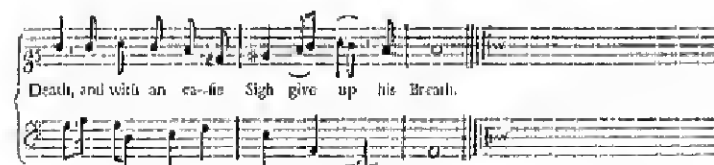
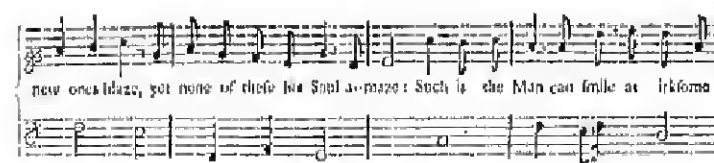
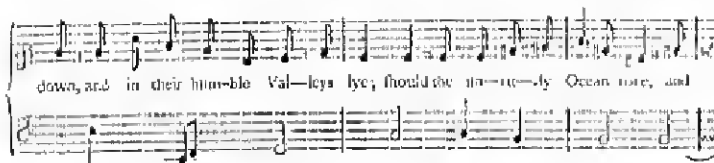
Head, so ne-vere's Nots nor Bath can dread; though a swift Whirlwind rent in



Gravel, Heav'ns love him, in Earth under: tho' the Rocks on heaps do run—ble, or the

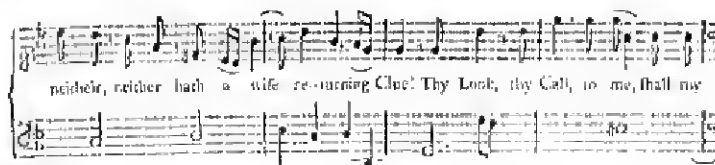


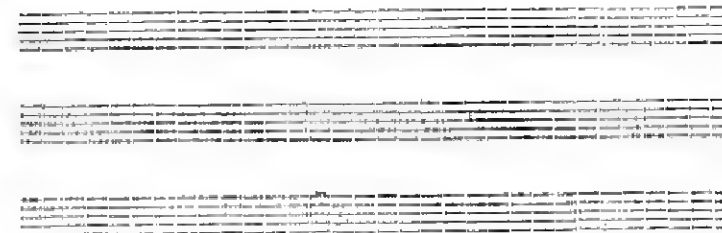
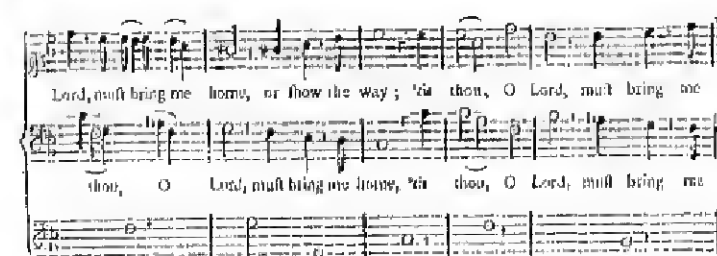
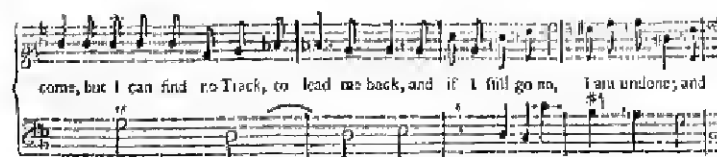
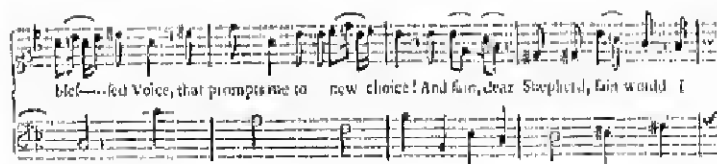
World to A-sha-er crum-ble; tho' the An-ten-Pont Mountains from on high, drop



THE WORDS BY DR. FULLER, LATE LORD-BISHOP OF LINCOLN.
Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

The Words by Dr. Fuller, late Lord-Bishop of Lincoln.
Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

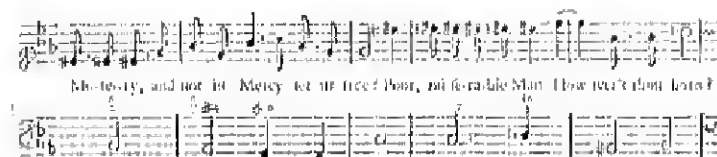




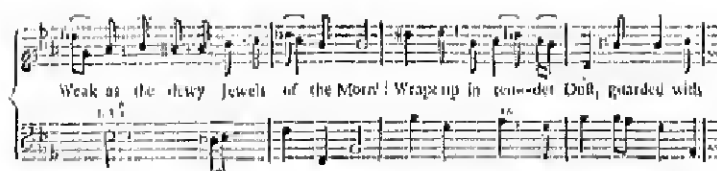
A Penitential HYMN. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



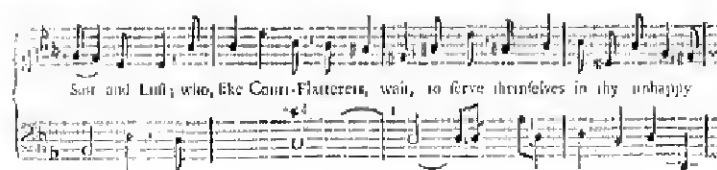
Hear God, and Jull! How can'st thou say, dear God, our




Mis-er-y, and not in Mercy let us need poor, mi-se-rable Man! How can'st thou love?



Weak as the dewy Jewels of the Morn! Wrapp'd in con-de-mn'd Dull, guarded with



Sun and Lust; who, like Court-Flatterers, wait, to serve themselves in thy unhappy



Fate: Wealth is a Snake, and Power-ty brings in Infect for Theft, paving the way for



Sin; rack per-son'd Va-ni-ty dash rent-ly breaths on in thy Soul, and whisper in to



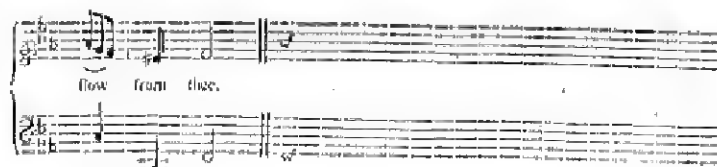
death! Our Fates, like un-ge-ner-ated Sinner, in ign-om-ine the loved Flesh, and the cor-



rupt that you Lord! we are fles, spot-—ed with Sin, thick as a Cro-—dy



Lipert Skin; like Naaman, bid us wash, yet let it be in Streams of Blood, that



flow from thee.

CHORUS. A. 3. Voc.



Then will we sing, touch'd by the heav'nly Dove's bright Wing; Hal-le-lu-jahs, Hosanna, and



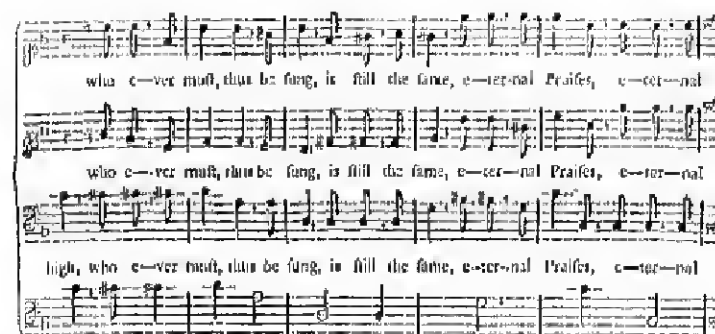
Then will we sing, touch'd by the heav'nly Dove's bright Wing; Hal-le-lu-jahs, Hosanna, and




For a still we sing, touch'd by the heav'nly Dove's bright Wing; Hal-le-lu-jahs, Hosanna, and



Praise, to God, the Lord of Night and Days, ever good,
Praise, to God, the Lord of Night and Days; and e—ver good,
Praise, to God, the Lord of Night and Days; e—ver



who e—ver must, thus be sung, is still the same, e—ter—nal Praiser, e—ter—nal
who e—ver must, thus be sung, is still the same, e—ter—nal Praiser, e—ter—nal
high, who e—ver must, thus be sung, is still the same, e—ter—nal Praiser, e—ter—nal



Praiser, e—ter—nal Prai—ser, crown his Name;
Praiser, e—ter—nal Prai—ser, crown his Name;
Praiser, e—ter—nal Prai—ser, crown his Name.

Set by Sir Henry Purcell.



W e sing to him, whose Wisdom form'd the Har, our Songs, for him, who
gave us Voices, hear, we joy in God, who is the Spring of Mirth, who loves the Harmo-



ny of Heav'n and Earth; our humble Sonnets shall that Praise rehearse, who in the Musick

CHORUS.



of the Univerſe. And whilst we sing, and whilst we sing, we con—ſecrate our Arts, and offer
And whilst we sing, and whilst we sing, we con—ſecrate our Arts, and offer



up with every Tongue a Heart; and whilst we sing, and whilst we sing, we con—ſecrate our Arts,
up with every Tongue a Heart; and whilst we sing, and whilst we sing, we con—ſecrate our Arts,



and offer up, and offer up, with every Tongue a Heart.
and offer up, and offer up, with every Tongue a Heart.

Set by Dr. John Blow.



H! Oh that mine Eyes could incl — in to a Flood,
 that I might plunge in Tears for thee, for thee, as thou didst swim in Blood, to
 ransom me; as thou didst swim in blood, to ran — som me! Oh! that this Bath — ly
 Lynbeck would be — gin to drop, drop a Tear, to drop, drop, drop a Tear for
 ex — ly Son! See how his Blood be — dabbled Arms are spread, to enter —
 — gain Death's wel — com Bands, to — hold, be — hold his bowing Head, his bleeding

Hands, his oft re — pa — red Sides! behold his wounded Side. Hark, hark, hark how he groans!
 Remember how he cry'd! The very Heav'n's put Wee — of Mour — ning
 on; the E — d Rock in fun — der rent, and yet this Heart, and yet this
 Heart, the Stone, could not re — sent! Hard — hearted Man! Hard — hearted Man! And
 on — ly Man! Oh! in wee — p for him, in weep for
 him, for whom he on — ly dy'd!

On a Dying-Friend. The Words by Mr. Tho. Flatman.

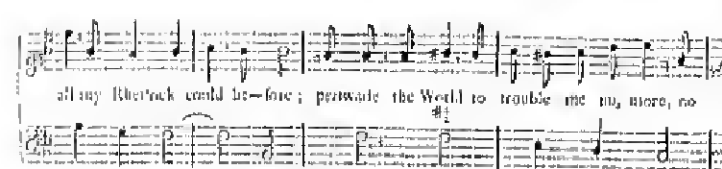
Set by Mr. Pelham Humphreys.



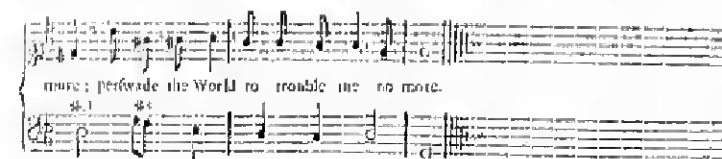
If the sad day / when Friends shall stroke their heads, and say of mine—



life-up hand, Who, who can let his Face withstand? Then shall a Gasp or two do more, then



all my Rhetoric could be—fore; persuade the World to trouble me no more, no

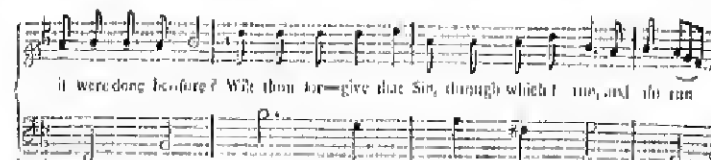


more; persuade the World to trouble me no more.

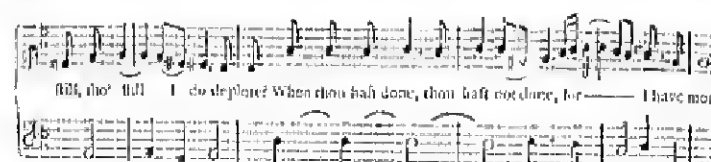
The Words by Dr. Damm. Set by Mr. Pelham Humphreys.



WILT thou forgive that Sin, where I began, which was my Sin tho'



it were done be—fore? Wilt thou be—give that Sin, through which I live, and do run



ask, tho' still I do repent? When thou hast done, thou hast not done, for— I have more.

Wilt thou forgive that Sin, by which I've won o-thers to sin, and made my Sin their

doe? Wilt thou forgive that Sin, which I del from a Year or two, yet wallow'd in a

score? When thou hast done, thou hast not done, for I have more, I have a Sin of

Fear, that when I've spun my last Thread, I shall perish on the Shore; but swear by thy

self that art my Death, thy Sun shall shine, as he shines now and hereafter, and having done

that thou hast done, I fear no more.

A Divine HYMN. Set by Mr. John Church.

God for ever shall in boundless peace & joy, whole hearts

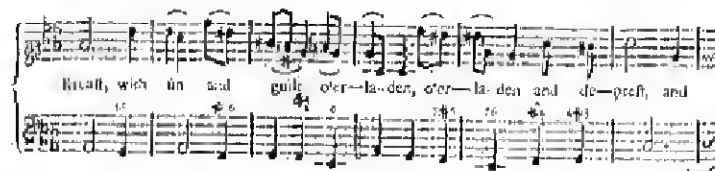
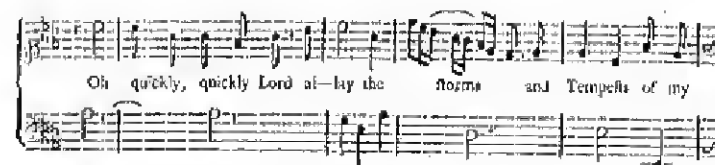
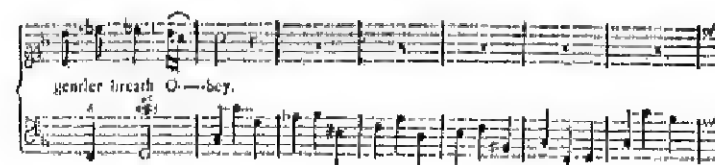
—ration is in light refresh'd, look from thy bright and glo-

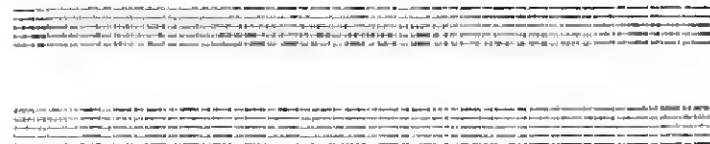
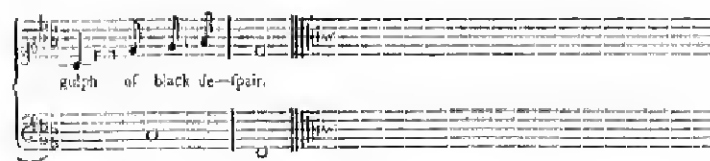
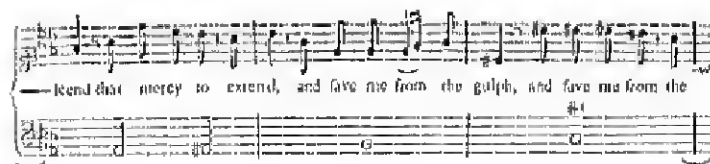
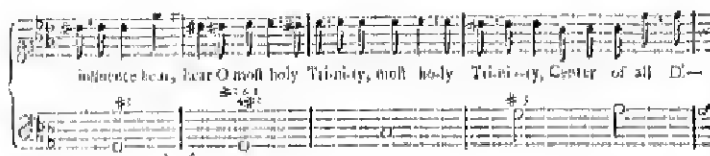
rious Throne with pity, with pity and compassion look, look down below, and ex-

—se my troubled mind, pain and distraction from my heart remove, thou God of Comfort, thou

God of Consolation and of Love! And thou who sits at the right hand of Bliss, the

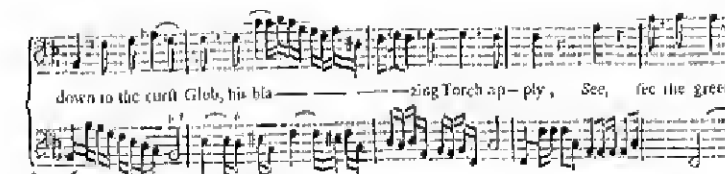
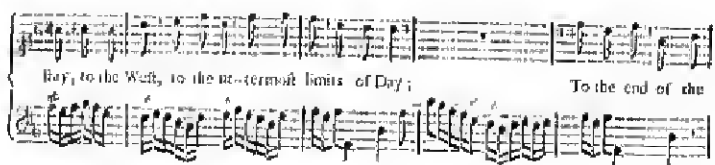
Spring of all true joy and happiness, who when thou hast resign'd the

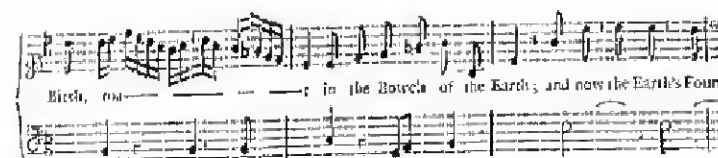
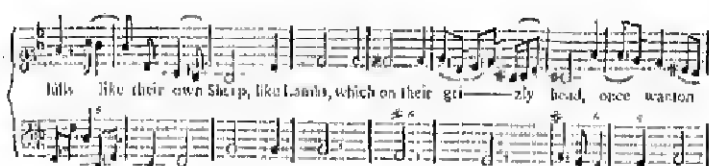




The DISSOLUTION. Set by Mr. John Weldon.







And melt all, melt all Earth the im—por—tal ru—ins there, spair, spair ye co—

Waves lapely the Channels, the Channels of the cabulled Sea. Seas to thin Vapours

but—d a—way, leave their crook—ed Channels dry; and not one drop

re—turns a—gain, to cool the this—sly Earth with Rain, not one drop re—

—turns a—gain, to cool the thirsty Earth with Rain, not one drop re—turns a—

—gain, to cool the thirsty Earth with Rain, to cool the thirsty Earth with Rain.

And melt all, melt all Earth the im—por—tal ru—ins there, spair, spair ye co—

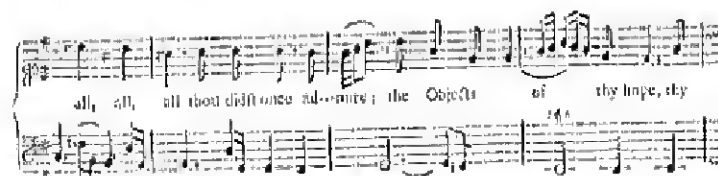
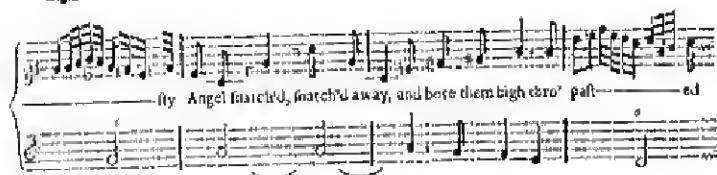
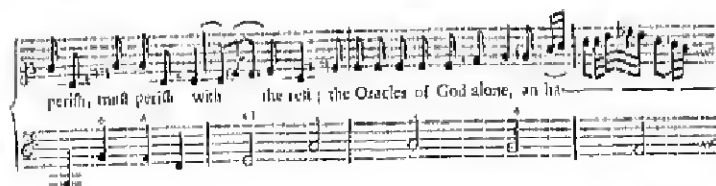
—vengeful An—gels spair, spair, spair ye re—vengeful An—gels, spair,

spair, spair, spair ye re—vengeful An—gels spair; spair the Mu—ses, spair the

Mu—ses bliss—ful Seas, let me for Wilham's, let me for Wilham's Peace

—ful walls in—crease, spair the Mu—ses, spair the Mu—ses bliss—ful Seas, let

me for Wilham's, let me for Wilham's peace—ful walls in—crease;



CHORUS.

Was it for this, the Soldierman Was—
Was it for this, for this, the Soldierman Was—

—ck'd his thought; was it for this, for this, for this the
—ck'd his thought; was it for this, for this, for this, for this the

Soldier fought? fought.
Soldier fought? fought. While Drum—bling Drums like

While Drum—bling Drums like Thun—
Thunder beat, while drum—bling Drums like

—der beat, and clang—ing
Thun—der beat, and clang—ing Trumpets, and

Trumpets, and clang—ing Trumpets, and
clang—ing Trumpets ral—

the martial Beat; while
—d the martial Beat, while drum—bling Drums like Thun—der

drum—bling Drums like Thun—
beat, while drum—bling Drums like

der beat, and clang—ing Triumphs, Trum—
 Thun—der beat, and
 phet—ral—ed the mar—tial
 clang—ing Triumphs ral—ed the martial
 Hear, and clat—ting Triumphs, Trum—phet—ral—
 Hear, and clat—ting Triumphs ral—
 —ed the martial Hear,
 —ed the martial Hear.

burn,
 burn,
 burn,
 burn, my Soul is all, is all, is all, is all, is all on flame ; my
 Soul is all, is all, is all, is all, is all, is all on flame ; the
 R—glor hange thee my

brain, the Ra—

—ing image first, my brain;

And
Cool, Cool it ye Sa—cred Nine, cool it ye Sa—cred Nine, in A—gony flow—

—ing dream; lest I perdue the di—

Theme too long, let frequent rest stop, stop, let frequent rest stop, stop, stop.

stop, stop, stop, stop, stop the loud Song. C H O.

CHORUS.

Now Na—ture is un—strung, the Sphers their Mu—ick lose; now

Now Nature is unstrung, the Sphers their Muick lose;

Now Nature is un—strung,

Now Nature is unstrung, the

Nature is un—strung, the Sphers their Mu—

Now Nature is unstrung, the Sphers their Mu—

Now Nature is unstrung, the Sphers their

Sphers their Mu—ick lose;

Handwritten musical score for "The Song of Ages" in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of five staves. The first staff is the melody, and the subsequent staves are accompaniment. The lyrics "The Song of Ages" are written below the melody staff. The score is written in ink on aged paper.

Ager now ends in a fo
 now, now ends in a fo — meno cloe,
 Ager now ends in a fo
 now, now ends in a fo — meno cloe,

—Ann clafe, in a solemn clafe, the Song of Agos, the Song of Agos, the Song of

in a solemn clafe, the Song of Agos, the Song of Agos,

—Ann clafe, in a solemn clafe, the Song of Agos, the Song of Agos, the Song of

the Song of Agos, the Song of Agos, the Song of Agos,

Ages, the Song of Ages now ends,
 the Song of Ages, now, now ends,
 Ages, the Song of Ages now ends in a fo—lemn close, in a
 the Song of Ages now, now ends in a fo—lemn close, in a fo—

fo—lenn cloſe, in a fo—lenn cloſe, in a fo—lenn

lenn cloſe, in a fo—lenn cloſe, in a fo—lenn

now ends in a fo—lenn cloſe.

now ends, now ends, now ends in a fo—lenn cloſe.

cloſe; now ends, now ends, now ends, ends in a ſolemn cloſe.

cloſe; in a fo—lenn cloſe.

Small text at the bottom of the page, likely a printer's mark or a reference to the next page.

The following ANTHEMS, by the late Mr. Henry Purcell.

Blessed is he, Blessed is he that con-ſidereth the Poor, the Poor—

Blessed is he, Blessed is he, in he that conſidereth the Poor, the

Blessed is he, Blessed is he, in he that conſidereth the Poor, the

and needy; Blessed is he, Blessed is he that con-ſidereth the Poor, the and

Poor and needy; Blessed is he, Blessed is he that con-ſidereth the Poor, the and

Poor and needy; Blessed is he, Blessed is he that con-ſidereth the Poor, the and

needy; the Lord ſhall de-li-ver him, in the time, in the

needy; the Lord ſhall de-li-ver him in the time of trouble, de-li-ver him in the

needy; the Lord ſhall de-li-ver him in the

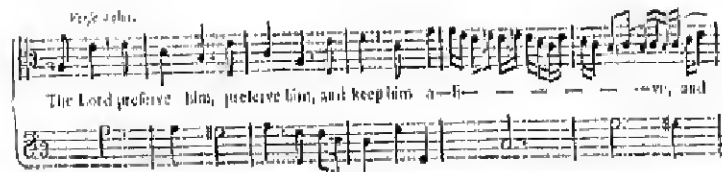


time of trouble; the Lord shall de-liver him in the time of trouble; the Lord shall de-liver him, shall de-liver him in the time of trouble; the Lord shall de-liver him, the Lord shall de-liver him in the time of trouble; the Lord shall de-liver him, the Lord shall de-liver him in the time of trouble.

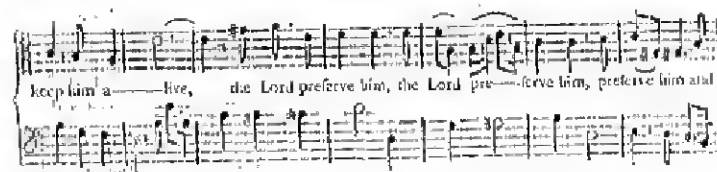


time of trouble, the Lord shall de-liver him in the time of trouble. time of trouble, the Lord shall de-liver him in the time of trouble. time of trouble, the Lord shall de-liver him in the time of trouble.

Vers. John.



The Lord preserve him, preserve him, and keep him a-live, and



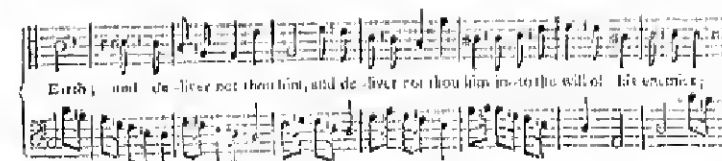
keep him a-live, the Lord preserve him, the Lord pre-serve him, preserve him and



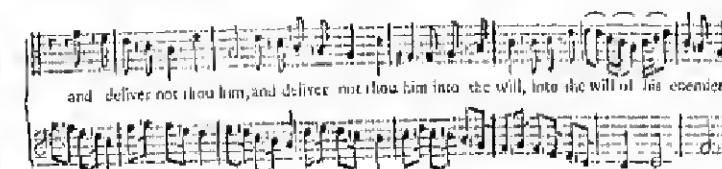
keep him a-live, that he may be



blessed, that he may be blessed, blessed up-on



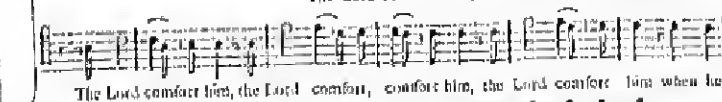
Earth, and de-liver not thou him, and de-liver not thou him into the will of his enemies;



and deliver not thou him, and deliver not thou him into the will, into the will of his enemies,



The Lord comfort him, the Lord comfort him when he



The Lord comfort him, the Lord comfort, comfort him, the Lord comfort him when he



The Lord comfort him, the Lord comfort, comfort him, the Lord comfort him when he



The Lord comfort him, the Lord comfort, comfort him, the Lord comfort him when he

You sick upon his Bed; make thou all his Bed, make thou all his Bed in
 You sick upon his Bed; make thou all his Bed, make thou all his Bed in
 You sick upon his Bed; make thou all his Bed, make thou all his

his sickness, make thou all his Bed, make thou all his Bed, all
 his sickness, make thou all his Bed, make thou all his Bed, all
 Bed in his sickness; make thou all his Bed, make thou all his

all, all, all, all his Bed in his sickness.
 all, all, all, all his Bed in his sickness.
 Bed, all, all, all, make thou all his Bed in his sickness. Glo—ry be to the Father, Glo—

Glo—ry be to the
 ry be to the Son, Glo—ry be to the Holy Ghost;
 ry be to the Son, Glo—ry be to the Holy Ghost;

Glo—ry be to the
 Father, Glo—ry be to the Son, Glo—ry be to the Holy Ghost;
 Father, Glo—ry be to the Son, Glo—ry be to the Holy Ghost;

Father, Glo—ry be to the Son, Glo—ry be to the Holy Ghost;
 Glo—ry be to the
 Glo—ry be to the

Glo—ry be to the Ho—ly Ghost, Glo—ry be to the Father Son and
 Son,
 Glo—ry be to the Father Son and
 Father,
 Glory, Glory to the Father Son and

Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning.
 Ho—ly Ghost; and
 Ho—ly Ghost; Now, now, now, now, now, now, now;

Glo—ry to the Father Son and Ho—ly Ghost;
 —ver shall be, Glo—ry to the Father Son and Ho—ly Ghost;
 Glory, Glory to the Father Son and Holy Ghost, world without

—men, world without end,
 —men, world without end,
 end, world without end,

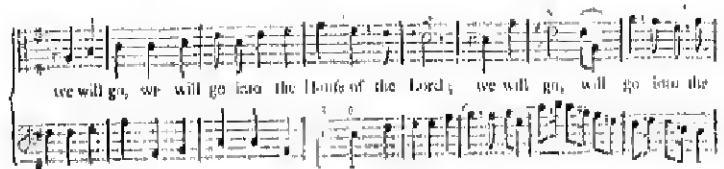
A—men,
 A—men,
 —men,

—men, Amen.
 —men, Amen.
 —men, Amen.
 C r

322 ANTHEM, *by the late Mr. Henry Purcell.*



was glad, I was glad, when they said unto me,



we will go, we will go into the House of the Lord; we will go, will go into the



House of the Lord, our feet shall stand in thy Gates O! O! Je-ru-sa-



lem: our feet shall stand, shall stand in thy Gates O —



Je-ru-sa-lem, O! — — — Je-ru-sa-lem.



For there the Tribes go up,

For there the

Jerusalem is built as a City that is at unity in its self, for



For there the Tribes go up, for there the Tribes go up, even the Tribes, even the Tribes of the

Tribes go up, for there the Tribes go up, the Tribes go up, even the Tribes, even the Tribes of the

there the Tribes go up, the Tribes go up, go up, even the Tribes, even the Tribes of the



Lord; to rejoice unto I-frael, and to give thanks unto the

Lord; to rejoice unto I-frael, to rejoice unto I-frael, and to give thanks unto the

Lord; to rejoice unto I-frael, to rejoice unto I-frael, and to give thanks unto the

name of the Lord, and to give thanks, to give thanks unto the name, give
name of the Lord, and to give thanks, and to give thanks, to give thanks unto the name, give
name of the Lord, and to give thanks, and to give thanks unto the name, give

thanks unto the name of the Lord; give thanks unto the name of the Lord;
thanks unto the name of the Lord; give thanks unto the name of the Lord; for there is the
thanks unto the name of the Lord; give thanks unto the name of the Lord;

for of Judgment, even the fear of the House of David, for there is the fear of Judgment

even the fear of the House of David, even the fear of the House of David, even the

O pray for the Peace of Jerusalem, O pray,
for the House of David, O pray,
O pray,

pray for the peace of Jerusalem; They shall prosper, shall prosper that Love thee, shall
pray for the peace of Jerusalem; They shall prosper, shall prosper that Love thee, shall
pray for the peace of Jerusalem; They shall prosper, shall prosper that Love thee, shall

prof— — per that Love thee; they shall prosper, shall prosper that
 prof— — per that Love thee; they shall prosper, shall prosper that
 prosper, shall prosper that Love thee; they shall prosper, shall prosper that

Love thee, shall prof— — per that Love thee, shall prof— — per that
 Love thee, shall prosper, shall prosper that Love thee, shall prosper, shall prosper that
 Love thee, shall prosper, shall prosper that Love thee, shall prosper, shall prosper that

Love thee. Gd. Peace be with—in thy Walls, Peace be with—in thy
 Love thee. Gd. Peace be with—in thy Walls, Peace be with—in thy
 Love thee. Gd. Peace be with—in thy Walls, Peace be with—in thy

Walls, and piousness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces, and piousness with—
 Walls, and piousness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces, and piousness with—
 Walls, and piousness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces, and piousness with—

—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces, and piousness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces.
 —in with—in thy Pa—la—ces, and piousness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces.
 —in with—in thy Pa—la—ces, and piousness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces.

For my Brethren and Companions sake, I will with thee prof—pe—ri—ry,
 For my Brethren and Companions sake,
 For my Brethren

For my Brethren and companions sake, I will with, will with thee prof—
I will with, will with thee prof—perity, will with thee prof—
and Companions sake, I will with, will with, will with thee prof—

—perity, I will with, will with thee prof—perity; Peace be with—in thy
—perity, I will with, will with thee prof—perity; Peace be with—in thy
—perity, I will with, will with thee prof—perity; Peace be with—in thy

Chs. Chor. Walls, Peace be with—in thy Walls, Peace be with—in thy Walls,
Chs. Chor. Walls, Peace be with—in thy Walls, Peace be with—in thy Walls,
Chs. Chor. Walls, Peace be with—in thy Walls, Peace be with—in thy Walls,

Chs. Peace be with—in thy Walls, and plentifulness with—in, with—in
Peace be with—in thy Walls, and plentifulness with—in, with—in
Peace be with—in thy Walls, and plentifulness with—in, with—in

thy Pa—la—ces, and plentifulness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces, and
thy Pa—la—ces and plentifulness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces, and
thy Pa—la—ces, and plentifulness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces, and

plentifulness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces.
plentifulness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces.
plentifulness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces.

An ANTHEM, by the late Mr. Henry Purcell.



Ch. Ch.
O give thanks, give thanks,
Vni. Ch. Vni. Ch. Vni.
Give thanks, O give thanks, give thanks, give thanks, O!
Vni. Ch. Vni. Ch. Vni.
O give thanks, O give thanks, give thanks, give thanks, O!
Vni. Ch. Vni. Ch.
O give thanks, O give thanks, give thanks, give thanks, O! O!

Ch.
O! O give thanks,
Ch. Vni.
O give thanks, O! O give thanks, give thanks unto the
Ch. Vni.
O give thanks, O! O! O! O give thanks, give thanks unto the
Ch. Vni.
O! O give thanks, O! O! O! O give thanks, give thanks unto the

Ch.
give thanks unto the Lord; for he is gracious, is
Ch. Vni.
Lord, give thanks unto the Lord; for he is gracious, is gracious, is gracious, for he is gra—
Ch. Vni.
Lord, give thanks unto the Lord; for he is gracious, is gracious, is gracious, for he is gracious, is
Ch. Vni.
Lord, give thanks unto the Lord; for he is gracious, is gracious, for he is gracious,
Ch. Vni.
Lord, give thanks unto the Lord; for he is gracious, is gracious, for he is gracious,

Ch. Ch. Ch.
gracious, is gracious, O give thanks, give thanks, O!
Ch. Vni. Ch. Vni.
—cious, is gracious, O give thanks, & & give thanks, & & give thanks, O!
Vni. Ch. Vni. Ch. Vni.
gracious, is gracious, O give thanks, & & give thanks, & & give thanks, O!
Vni. Ch. Vni. Ch.
is gracious, O give thanks, & & give thanks, & & give thanks, O! O!

Ch.
his mercy en-dureth, his mercy en-dureth for
Ch.
his mercy en-dureth for ever, his mercy en-dureth for e-ver, for
mercy endureth, en-dureth for e-ver, his mercy endureth for
-dureth for, mercy en-dureth for e-ver, his mercy en-dureth for

Riser.
e-ver, his mercy endureth for ever.
Riser.
e-ver, endureth for ever.
Riser.
ever, his mercy endureth for e-ver.
Riser.
ever, his mercy endureth for e-ver.

Who, who can express the no-ble acts of the
Who, who can express the no-ble acts of the

—ble acts of the Lord? Who, who can express the
Lord? Who, who can express the no-ble

no-ble, no-ble acts of the
acts; the no-ble, no-ble acts of the

Lord? Or shew forth all, — his Praise?
Lord? Or shew forth all, — his Praise, or shew forth

Or shew forth all, shew forth all, all, —

all, or shew forth all, or shew forth all, all, all, —

— or shew forth all his praise.

— his praise.

Ac-cording to the favour that thou

Remember, re-mem-ber, re-mem-ber

Remember, remember, remember me O Lord,

Ac-cording to the favour that thou bear'st un—to thy

bear'st un—to thy people; remember, re-mem-ber, re-mem-ber me O Lord, ac—

me O Lord, ac-cording to the favour, that thou bear'st un—to thy people; re—

ac-cording to the favour that thou bear'st un—to thy

people, remember, remember, re-mem-ber me O Lord, ac-cording to the

—cording to the favour, that thou bear'st un—to thy people, remember me O

—remember, remember, re-mem-ber me O Lord, remember me O

peo-ple; ac-cording to the favour, that thou bear'st un—to thy

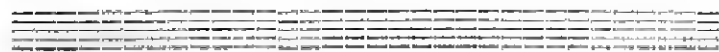
favour, that thou bear'st un—to thy people; re—

Lord, remember, remember, remember me O Lord; O vi-sit me, O

Lord, according to the favour that thou bear'st unto thy people; O vi-sit me,

people; re-member, re-mem-ber me O Lord; O vi-sit me,

re-member, remember, re-mem-ber me O Lord; O vi-sit me, O



vi-sit me, O vi-sit me with thy Salvation, O vi-sit me, O vi-sit me, O

O vi-sit me, O vi-sit me with thy Salvation, O vi-sit me, O vi-sit me,

O vi-sit me, O vi-sit me with thy Salvation, O vi-sit me, O vi-sit me,

vi-sit me, O vi-sit me with thy Salvation, O vi-sit me, O vi-sit me, O

O vi-sit me with thy Salvation; O vi-sit me, O vi-sit me with thy Salvation,

O vi-sit me with thy Salvation; O vi-sit me, O vi-sit me with thy Salvation,

O vi-sit me with thy Salvation; O vi-sit me, vi-sit me with thy Salvation,

vi-sit me with thy Salvation; O vi-sit me, O vi-sit me with thy Salvation,

That I may see, that I may see the face of thy chosen; And re-joyce in thy chosen; And re-joyce in thy chosen, O

city of thy chosen; And re-joyce in thy chosen, O

—ce with the gladness, the glad—ness of thy people: that I may see,
that I may see the be—li—city of thy chosen; and re—joy—
—ce with the gladness, the glad—ness of thy
people: and give thanks, and give thanks with din—
—re—tance, and give thanks; and give thanks give thank—
—with thine in—be—si—tance.

Bar.
Two of 4 Verses.
Blessed, blessed, be the Lord God of Israel;
Blessed, blessed, be the Lord God of Israel, from ever la—
Blessed, blessed, be the Lord God of Israel, from ever la—
Blessed, blessed, be the Lord God of Israel;
Blessed, blessed be the Lord God of Israel, from ever
—sing, ever-living, Blessed, blessed be the Lord God of Israel,
—sing, ever-living, Blessed, blessed be the Lord God of Israel,
Blessed, blessed be the Lord God of Israel, from ever—

—sing, ever—singing, from ever—

from ever—la—sing,

from ever—la—sing,

—la—sing, ever—singing, from ever—



—sing, e—ver—singing, and world without end, and

from ever—la—sing; and world without end, and world with—

from ever—la—sing; and world without

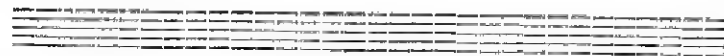
—sing, o—ver—singing, and world without end, and world without

world without end, and world without end, and world without end, and world with—

—out end, and world without end, and world without end, world with

end, and world without end, and world without end, world

end, and world without end, and world without end, with—out



—out end; And let all the people say, let all the people say Amen, A—

—out end; And let all the people say, let all the people say Amen, A—

—without end; And let all the people say, let all the people say Amen, A—

—end; And let all the people say, let all the people say Amen, A—

—men, Amen; let all the people say Amen, Amen, Amen, let all the people

—men, Amen; let all the people say Amen, Amen, Amen, let all the people

—men, Amen, let all the people say Amen, Amen, Amen, let all the people

—men, Amen, let all the people say Amen, Amen, Amen, let all the people

Cla. *Vcl.* *Cla.*

fay A-men, A-men, A-men, A-men.

Cla. *Vcl.* *Cla.*

fay A-men, A-men, A-men, A-men.

Cla. *Vcl.* *Cla.*

fay A-men, A-men, A-men, A-men.

Cla. *Vcl.* *Cla.*

fay A-men, A-men, A-men, A-men.

An ANTHEM, by the late Mr. Henry Purcell.

Solo.
 THE SYMPHONY, by the late Sir Henry Purcell.
 Symphony.



MY Song shall bewailway of the lo—ving kindness of the

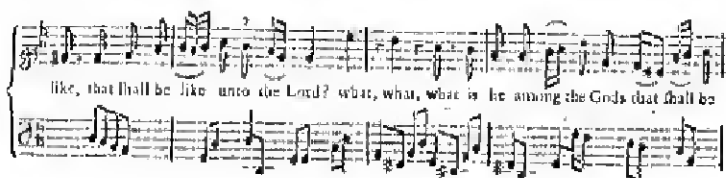
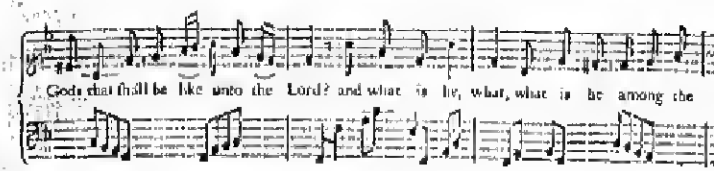
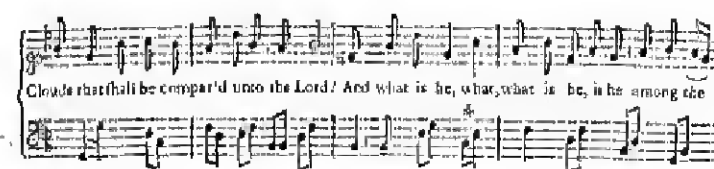
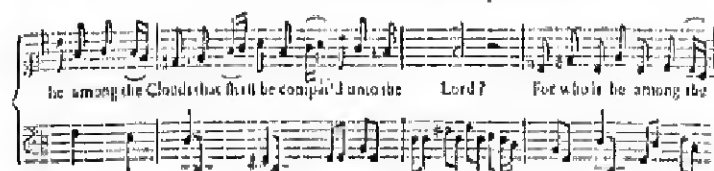
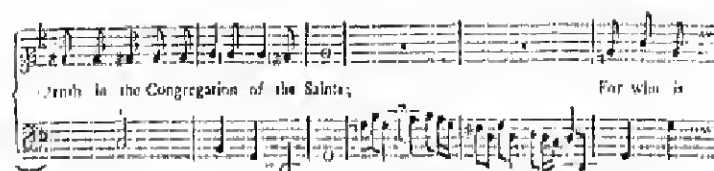
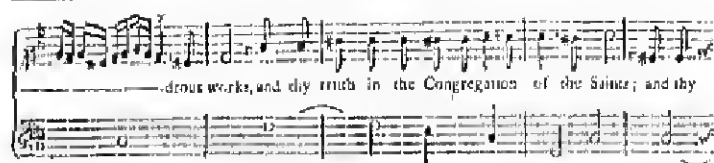
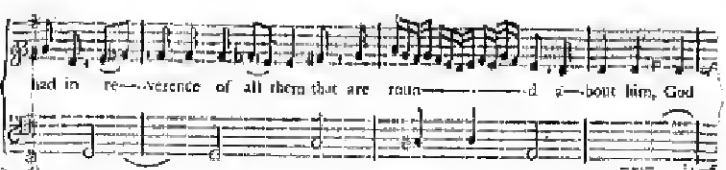
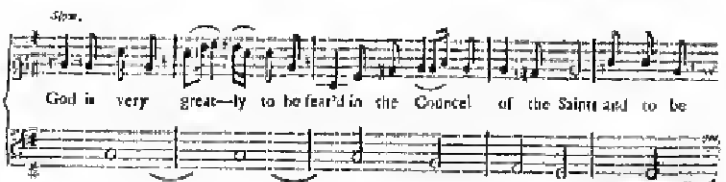
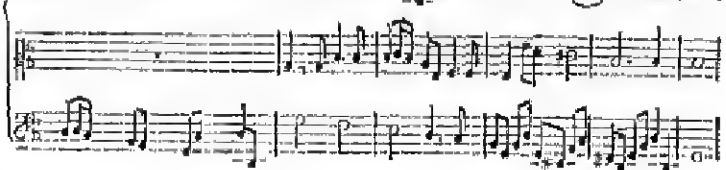
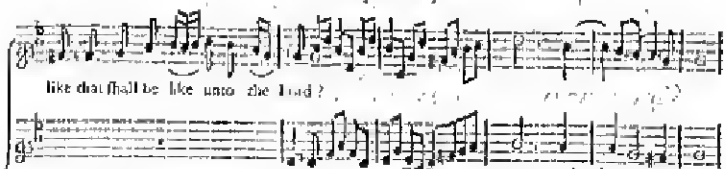
Lord, my Song shall bewailway of the lo—ving kindness of the Lord; with my

mouth will I ever be shewing forth thy truth, with my mouth will I ever be shewing forth thy

truth, from one ge-ne-ra—tion to

—a—no—ther. O Lord, O Lord the very Heav'ns shall praise thy

won—drous works, O Lord the very Heav'ns shall praise thy won—

*Round upon the Chf.*

it very greatly, it very great-ly to be fear'd; and to be had in Re-venge

of all them that are round — — — — — d, are round a-bout him.

Ha-le-lu-jah, ha-le-lu-jah, ha-le-lu-jah, ha-le-lu-jah, ha-le-lu-jah, ha-le-lu-jah.

Ha-le-lu-jah, &c.

Ha-le-lu-jah, &c.

O — Lord God of Host, who, who is like un-to thee? O — Lord God

of host, who, who, who is like un-to thee? thy truth most might — — — — — y Lord is on

ev'ry side; thy truth most might — — — — — ty Lord, most might — — — — — ty Lord is on ev'ry

side. Thou stillest the rage — — — — — ing of the Sea, thou stillest the rage — — — — —

— ing of the Sea

Thou stillest the Waves thereof when they a — — — — —

— rise, thou stillest the Waves thereof, thou stillest the Waves thereof when they a — — — — —

— rise, thou stillest the Waves thereof, thou stillest the waves thereof, the Waves

— rise, thou stillest the Waves thereof, thou stillest the waves thereof, the Waves

RITOR. upon the Close.

thereto, when they a-rise.

Thou hast a migh-ty

migh-ty, mighty arm; thou hast a migh-ty, mighty, mighty arm;

strong is thy hand, strong is thy hand, and high, and high— is thy

right hand; thou hast a migh-ty, migh-ty

hand, strong is thy hand, strong is thy hand, and high, and high

is thy right hand; righteousness and Equity are the Habitation of thy

feet, righteousness and Equity are the Habitation

foot of thy feet; mercy and truth shall go before thy

face, mercy and truth, mercy and truth shall go before thy face.

Ha-le-lu-jah, Ha-le-lu-jah

Ha-le-lu-jah, Ha-le-lu-jah

Ha-le-lu-jah, Ha-le-lu-jah

Ha-le-lu-jah, Ha-le-lu-jah

Ha-le-lu-jah, Ha-le-lu-jah

Ha-le-lu-jah, Ha-le-lu-jah

Chorus Inferno
So conclude.

F I N I S

